VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MARCH 9, 1905. NUMBER 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

(It is said that Saint Bernard every day, on awaking, asked himself the question, "What am I here for?")

What are we here for, brothers mine,
Upon this Road of Life?
What mean for us the stars that shine,
The fields with beauty rife?
What power hath Truth to stir our zeal?
What cry hath human need?
'Mid earth's conflicting woe and weal,
What voices should we heed?

What are we here for? Here to grow
In every grace divine!
The beauty of the world to know,
And in its beauty shine;
To follow Truth where'er it lies,
Through loneliness and scorn;
To hold earth's bounty equal prize
Of every child that's born.

What are we here for in this maze
Which no man yet hath solved?
Here to achieve the noblest days
Since first the sphere revolved!
Not ours to dull the soul with mirth,
Outdrowning human groan,
But ours to sublimate the earth
And bring Man to his own.

JAMES H. WEST.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1905. NUMBER 2

Such growth in wealth, in population and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown.

We now face other perils the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial developments of the last half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being.

Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance and individual initiative, have also brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers.

Upon the success of our experiment much depends; not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is today and to the generations yet unborn.—*From President Roosevelt's Inaugural.*

War between England and Russia has been averted. The principle of arbitration has gained another victory. Events which fifty, ten, or even five years ago, would have resulted in almost certain war, have yielded to the arguments of peace. Thus is the world slowly but surely answering its own prayer, "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

We quote the following from a recent number of the University of Chicago Record:

The Field-School in practical ethnology conducted by Associate Professor Frederick Starr from September 1 to 21 at the World's Fair in St. Louis was a notable success. Twenty-nine regularly enrolled students took the work, twenty-seven of whom were University matriculates. A large number of others attended lectures and demonstrations, although not enrolled for the course. Exceptional interest and enthusiasm were displayed. The groups studied were of remarkable interest, and all the material at the Exposition was placed at Mr. Starr's disposal. In recognition of the work of this school a special commemorative certificate was voted to the University of Chicago by the authorities of the World's Fair. Professor Starr received the *Grand Prix* for his Ainu group, which was adjudged the most satisfactory of all the groups of the outdoor ethnological exhibit. He received, besides, a Gold Medal for his series of portraits of South Mexican Indians and his exhibit of objects representing the ethnography of South Mexico.

The Chicago newspapers paid little heed to the visit of Ernest Howard Crosby, yet it was an event of deep spiritual significance. His sermon on Tolstoy, delivered in All Souls Church last Sunday morning, was perhaps the most intelligent and sympathetic interpretation of the man and his message yet given in this country. It was, moreover, an earnest and forceful plea for Jesus standards and New Testament ideals, —standards and ideals all too vaguely held, even by the churches, their fitting home, more especially in regard to national ethics. It may be that the Tolstoy program is impracticable and unworkable, as many think, but the world has been trying to make the rest of the world good with the use of gunpowder and bombshells for a long time now without producing any very noteworthy results. It could scarcely do worse if it tried some other tack. Why not come back to the Sermon on the Mount?

It was really a rare opportunity, which was given to Chicago last week, in Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's *Music of the Olden Time.* Mr. Dolmetsch starts with the proposition that music has not continuously improved and that the music of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is as fine as anything since, or finer. The lute, viola, virginal and harpsichord are not loud instruments to be pounded on, like the piano, but are wonderfully sweet and fine in quality. Anonymous music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the pieces of Scarlatti, Handel, Teleman and Bach were rendered just as they were written and upon the instruments for which they were intended. Mr. Dolmetsch's instruments are beautiful, original, and ancient, the work of famous instrument makers of the olden time. Mr. Dolmetsch was assisted by Mrs. Dolmetsch and Miss Salmon, and all were dressed in costume of the past, beautiful and in keeping with the work they were to do. While all the music was fine some of the best effects were in the combinations of the viola de camba and the harpsichord, or of the viola d'amore, viola de camba and harpsichord. Mr. Dolmetsch is severe in his judgment of the piano but it is easy to see why one, who like himself is accustomed to the virginal and its wonderful development the harpsichord, should be so.

The Municipal Museum of Chicago, founded by the City Homes Association, and incorporated in November, 1904, opened its exhibits to the public on February 24. The museum is housed in the City Library building and is a distinct move toward a better and finer city. The public opening was the occasion of addresses by Mayor Harrison, Edward B. Butler, Robert R. McCormick, Jane Addams, Theodore Lewald (the German Imperial Commissioner General to the St. Louis Exposition) and George E. Vincent (president of the museum).

The present *First Loan Exhibition* will remain open for a month. It is interesting and excellently displayed. It contains exhibits from New York, Boston, San Francisco, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Berlin, Dresden, Dusseldorf, Bonn, Cologne, Essen, Paris, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Tokio,

and Buenos Ayres. Such an exhibition should stimulate to a bettering of our city. To compare ourselves with other cities in such matters as Administration, Public Art, Public Schools, Public Recreation, Street Making, Street Cleaning, Sanitation, etc., leads us to higher effort. The plans of the museum involve frequent rearrangement of old, and the acquisition of new, material, so that there may be a constant appeal and continued attractiveness. An excellent feature of its scheme is found in explanatory talks, by the best qualified thinkers on civic problems, in connection with personally conducted parties or classes interested in special problems.

The suspicion that President Castro of Venezuela is at once an able man and a notable ruler, grows. Press writers like Raymond, no doubt by arrangement, are doing all in their power to create a popular sentiment in this country against him and against Venezuela. It is therefore an encouraging sign to see an occasional article of different animus, like two recently written by Richard Weightman. Castro has dealt with many problems and has met most of them successfully. When German speculators could not secure all the opportunities they wished for the exploitation of Venezuela, they fomented a serious revolution, hoping to find a more pliant tool. When this movement, a failure, was tottering the German government led in a base effort to collect unjust debts by violence. The coalition of European governments foiled by a not altogether disinterested move on our part, they and we submitted outrageous claims to the Hague tribunal. The way in which that court scaled down these claims should have overwhelmed every nation involved in them with shame, but we have seen little evidence of such a feeling. That the Venezuelan government, in its efforts to meet the terms of the award, by paying thirty per cent of the customs receipts of certain ports, has found itself embarrassed in supplying its own necessary expenses is quite possible. Its opening of other customs houses for raising an untaxed revenue would perhaps strike us as brilliant diplomacy and business sagacity, if Venezuela were not a poor and relatively weak nation. Just now, traitorous Venezuelans, sheltered in our land and an American asphalt company are uniting in an effort to force our nation to fight their battles. The worthlessness of the asphalt company's claims is clear, if, as Weightman asserts, they can submit their cause to a United States court, but do not choose to do so. The Venezuelan court has given its decision. Castro is said to be willing to submit the matter to our courts. But the asphalt company prefers to have matters settled in some other way. Why? Meantime, as we have remarked, the suspicion that Castro is an able man and a notable ruler grows. He may be defeated but it looks as if he might come to be considered a Venezuelan Diaz.

Moncure D. Conway and our Civil War.

Moncure D. Conway's new Autobiography is most interesting in showing his attitude toward our civil war. Though a Virginian and son of a slaveholder, he early became such an opponent of slavery that he had to leave his Washington pulpit in 1856. But he already saw that we were moving "toward war, which I abhorred more than slavery." As the only escape from war, he advocated the separation of North and South. It was with this thought that he worked that year for Fremont and the new Republican party. He believed that if this party should win in the election, the southern states would at once secede and be allowed to;—that peace would thus be secured, and that slavery itself would soon end when so deprived of northern support.

Mr. Conway kept the same attitude in Cincinnati, where he settled that fall for his active work through pulpit and press. More and more he opposed slavery, —but he feared war as far worse. In his sermon after the news of John Brown's act at Harper's Ferry, he called it "worse than a crime, a blunder." Of course he did not blame John Brown, and said, "I thank God that in this selfish age, one man is found who can go crazy for an idea." But not the less did he treat the act as a crazy folly "worse than a crime," —since it would inflame passions and tend to precipitate war. He even said that the abolitionists would "denounce" it. But in this he was mistaken. The abolitionists, in their sympathy with John Brown's aim and misfortune, rather commended him, and his long imprisonment and death raised their enthusiasm ever higher, until Conway himself caught it. Says he, "by that northern storm I was carried off my feet," —and two days after the hero's execution, "my sermon exalted him to the right hand of God." But Mr. Conway soon recovered his calmness and returned to his first thought. While honoring the martyr's purpose, he more and more saw his method as a mad mistake. He declared this in various writings, and now he says: "Reading his career by the light of subsequent history, I am convinced that few men ever wrought so much evil. Wrathful northerners and panic-stricken southerners were speedily drawn up into hostile camps. Up to that time the anti-slavery agitation had marched on the path of peace, and every year had brought further assurance of a high humane victory in which South and North would equally triumph. But now we were all Brown's victims."

Through 1860 the excitement on both sides increased. The Republican party won its first success in the election of Lincoln, whom Mr. Conway of course supported. The success was followed by the Southern secession, just as he had predicted four years before. But, contrary to his expectations, the North refused to allow that secession, and the war that he had been so dreading began.

Mr. Conway of course accepted the situation, and

now directed all his efforts to the aim of making the war as short as possible. For this purpose, he urged the immediate emancipation of the slaves,—holding that this would remove both evils,—end slavery and stop the war. His argument was that if the government would but proclaim the slaves free, their masters would have to return home to watch them and see to the work of the plantations. "Such a measure would disband the southern forces and pin every rebel to his home." In 1861 he urged this often, and in his little book, "The Rejected Stone." At length, in the spring of 1862, the President proposed to Congress to offer aid to any State adopting gradual emancipation. But with gradual emancipation Mr. Conway had no patience, and compared it to "firing off a gun a little at a time." In June of that year, he closed his work at Cincinnati, and went to Boston to edit a paper devoted to immediate emancipation. At length, in September, the President gave notice that emancipation would be proclaimed at the beginning of 1863. So it was,—though it was only partial in its extent and workings. Conway was of course only one of many in bringing it about,—but he was at the front of the movement.

In the spring of 1863, his work here being done, he was sent to England to advocate the cause of the North—and there remained. When urged to return, he declined, saying his aim had not been the preservation of the Union, but the emancipation of the slaves, —and even this he did not consider worth the fearful cost of war. Says he,—"The evils of slavery as a domestic institution were mere pimples compared with the evil of war." "I had no faith that war could achieve any permanent benefit to white or black or to any nation."

This seems to be his opinion still. He says it looks as if John Brown's "violence may march on in the twentieth century, while his love of freedom is left in the nineteenth." The spirit of freedom "lies a-mouldering" there, while the method of force "goes marching on." His words strongly contrast with the usual February monotony of praise and of patriotic oratory,—but for that reason are worth hearing. Says he: "While recognizing Abraham Lincoln's strong personality and high good qualities, I cannot participate in his canonization." "In disregard of the anti-coercion sentiment, and without consulting Congress," he accepted the "challenge at Fort Sumter" and "decided that the fate of his country should be determined by powder and shot." In his canonization "there lurks a consecration of the sword." This method "is credited with having abolished slavery." But the negro race "has suffered more physically since the war began than under the previous century of slavery. And the white race has suffered in character to such an extent that our presidential Father Abraham, could he revisit his country and find us giving up colored citizens to be freely slain and burned, would feel himself a pilgrim sojourning in a strange land," still far from "the land of his promise. Alas! the promises of the sword are always broken! Always!" And he says again: "Was it well to shed our blood in order that the negro might be freely lynched, and North and South united to lynch Spaniard, Filipino and Chinaman?"

Not indeed that Mr. Conway thinks the evil confined to us. He quotes some strong words from a letter of Herbert Spencer not printed before. Mr. Spencer wrote him in 1898: "Now that the white savages of Europe are overrunning the dark savages everywhere; now that the European nations are vying with one another in political burglaries; now that we have entered upon an era of social cannibalism, in which the strong nations are devouring the weaker; now that national interests, national prestige, pluck, are alone thought of, and equity has dropped out of thought, while rectitude is scorned as 'unctuous,' it is useless to resist the wave of barbarism," which will not be arrested until it has spent itself.

But Mr. Conway is more hopeful. He says even the military scandals in France revealed by the Dreyfus case have instructed "the French people in the principles of law and human rights more in two years than they had learned in any two centuries" before. He tells how, when a French author asked him if there had "ever been seen in history or legend such a coalition of all the powers of darkness," he replied: "Certainly not;" nor has it ever been "confronted by such a coalition of the forces of light. In a single protest against the wrong to an obscure Jew, I counted nearly 400 names of the men highest in French science, literature and art. That is the victory of France!" And so, he says, "although aggressiveness and blood-thirst seem universal in several nations,—there is distributed through these and all nations a moral and peaceful nation," which, if properly organized, gives more hope than ever before of eventually bringing righteousness and peace to the world. And Mr. Conway closes his long work: "Implore Peace, O my reader, from whom I now part. Do not merely offer the prayer, 'Give peace in our time,' but do thy part to answer it! Then at least, though the world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee. Farewell!"

H. M. SIMMONS.

Jane Lathrop Stanford.

In the tragic death of Mrs. Leland Stanford the educational world has lost a conspicuous benefactress and America a strong and unique character. Born *in* obscurity and to all human appearances *for* obscurity, for it was the striking conjunction of capacity and opportunity that transferred a country storekeeper and adventurous miner into a great Railroad King, the director of great industrial schemes, and at last the founder of a great university, one that, in many respects, is the most prophetic in the world.

It is but simple truth to say that in all this Mrs.

Stanford was a worthy yoke-fellow. There were two of them all the way along.

It takes more, much more, than money to make a great institution of learning. And Mrs. Stanford and those who labored with her had ample opportunity to realize this. There were necessarily unforeseen difficulties and many blunders and mistakes of judgment on her part but never was a faltering of purpose or question of motives. Her ambition was one of the most laudable ever recorded in American history and she devoted not only her large fortune but herself, her whole self, to the high task with a persistency and generosity that were as unique as they were commendable.

Until further evidence is offered we will not believe that any one wilfully plotted against a life so laden with responsibility. We are compelled to believe that live wires were crossed somewhere by some unwitting hand or hands and the calamity to be expected under such circumstances followed. Perhaps the deceptive contents of the fatal bottle was the source of the double disarrangement.

Be this as it may, Mrs. Stanford was given a long, eventful and useful life, and the world will wisely dwell on these things rather than upon the manner of her going hence.

Now the administration of the great university falls with its full weight upon the shoulders which have too long borne a divided responsibility. Their trust is a high one and their opportunities are as high. Humanity will expect great things from an university so greatly endowed, so generously conceived, so magnificently equipped with men and things.

Here is a great opportunity to show what untrammeled minds and unfettered hands can do for humanity.

Richard Armstrong.

The Unitarians of America and those of England have recently suffered similar bereavements, in the death of two of their leading and best-beloved ministers. Only a few days after the death of Rev. John W. Chadwick, in Brooklyn, New York, the Rev. Richard A. Armstrong died almost as suddenly and unexpectedly in Liverpool, England. Mr. Armstrong was very near Mr. Chadwick's age, and in some respects resembled him. I suppose he was generally regarded as one of the three ablest Unitarian preachers in England—the other two being Stopford Brook and John Page Hopps. Mr. Armstrong had occupied for twenty years the pulpit in Liverpool made famous by Dr. Martineau. He had not only done a strong work in his own church and in his denomination, but he had made himself a great power in educational, philanthropic and reform work in his city.

He wrote much and printed much. We have eight or ten books from him, mostly made up of his sermons and lectures. They are clear, strong, full of thought, devout in spirit, nobly rousing and inspiring.

While he was a man of great sympathy and tenderness of feeling, he was also a militant Christian, ever ready to fight for what he believed to be true and right and helpful to humanity. His bravery manifested itself in many ways. When a young minister in Ireland he debated in opposition to ten orthodox clergymen on the subject of the Bible, in a crowded hall until two o'clock in the morning. A few years later in Nottingham, England, he debated two nights against Charles Bradlaugh, in support of the reasonableness of the worship of God. In Liverpool, afterwards, he made careful and laborious investigation, by personal visitations, of the worst districts of that city, and startled the whole community by publishing the revelation of what he discovered in a pamphlet called "The Deadly Shame of Liverpool," with the result that the most sweeping reforms were made throughout the city.

Last year there was bestowed upon Mr. Armstrong the highest honor within the gift of the English Unitarians, namely, the presidency of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Our English brethren feel as sorely stricken by the death of Mr. Armstrong as we by the death of Mr. Chadwick. It is easy to thank God for such men as these two. It is not so easy to be reconciled to their death, especially at so early an age.

Toronto, Canada. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

In Memoriam.

A. B.

I.

So true a man was he, the times were dull
That deemed not this the highest worth of him.
So sure were all his thoughts of life, so wise
In matters deep and these applied to men,
The world seems wide adrift for want of just
The keen insight and reason sure, that gave
To him the steadfast, holy strength of soul
Which saves from blight. Nor, can well miss the hand,
So practiced in the good of work, so strong
To do the bidding of his heart's command.
His skill to glean from Nature's realm was none
The less a pattern excellence, on which
The life of everyone could build its own.
And so his hope. As none were forced without
Its broad and kindly pale, so none need lose
The inspiration clear to noble thought,
And expectation high for all the world—
A hope his God did urge—nor find a wrong,
Beyond His healing heart and will divine.

II.

In such a man one finds true worth of life,—
To clearly see and think, to foster good
In all its struggling way, to lift the load
Of sorrow ere it crush, to take by hand
The loser or the lost, to courage give,—
And more than all, to stable be where else
The fragile tottering self would break and fall.
In him all this was found; and now gives strength
To follow where he went, to urge his hope,
To live for that which he did live; to die,
Like him, in faith that may not doubt the God,
Whose life is everywhere in righteousness
And Mercy's claim, as seen of trusting men.

III.

And so, the heart, its grief in memory lost,
Doth forward look, and finds its own in love
Which sees the glory, where it else might fail.
And seeing this, it trusteth deep the truth,
That every day may know the gladsome light
Which changeth all our storm to sunny peace.

SMITH BAKER.

A Pioneer of the "New Evangelism."

The following is a report of the opening address in Boston of Rev. William J. Dawson, of London, who has been given a great welcome in America as a prophet of the "new evangelism":

Mr. Dawson gave an account of the manner in whih he recovered the evangelistic note in his preaching and of the way in which ministers and churches in general should recover it. He was moved to tell all about the recent changes in his life and ministry. He described the Brighton meetings, the mission in his church, the many moving incidents in that mission, and the new spiritual life that had come from it both to his congregation and himself. I know not where the new path may lead, he said, but that in evangelism I must needs find such work as life may still have for me to do is an assurance, the clearest of the clear, which lies beyond all argument or question.

Drawing conclusions from his experience, he raised the question, how far the normal church could be transformed into an evangelistic centre; and how far evangelistic methods might be included in a regular pastorate. He declared that there is no insuperable difficulty in transforming the normal church into an evangelistic centre. The difficulties in the way are class feeling, parochialism of idea and the fastidiousness of a false culture.

Many churches might quite justly be described as examples of cultivated parochialism. They are social clubs, united by moral ideals, rather than spiritual communities quick with divine fire. Other churches are frankly class churches. The poor are not wanted, and are warned off. But so far as my own experience goes, said Mr. Dawson, this class of church is rare, although in most prosperous churches of a suburban character individuals will be found who represent these prejudices. The real source of deadness and decay in many churches is precisely the absence of the poor. We need a mingling of all classes in a church for its own sake, for a true church should be a microcosm of the world itself, in which many kinds of men constitute the social whole.

The organization of wealth and culture for the service of poverty and ignorance is the first of Christian ethics, and the wealthy and cultured have more to gain from it in the heightening and deepening of their own sympathies than the poor and ignorant in the application of those sympathies. We have within our churches at the present time, imperfect as they are, a force sufficient for the Christian conquest of the world. All that is needed is to mobilize our forces.

Most ministers have commenced their ministries with evangelism. That which first led them to preach was a real passion for souls. Of all the errors that have wrought ruin to the church, none has been more fatal than the tacit admission that the work of the minister is a thing separate from the work of the evangelist. It has meant that the minister has become a vocal essayist, and evangelism has come to be regarded with contempt. It has also meant that the work of evangelism, being thus regarded as inferior, has been left to inferior men—or let us say to men whose admirable zeal has not been always united with the highest qualities of intellect.

The power of the evangelist usually lies not so much in superiority of gift as in superior earnestness, manifesting itself in great directness of appeal and a positive belief in immediate results.

There is no valid reason why culture and evangelism should be treated as opposites. In an age of education there is surely room for an evangelism that can speak equally to the cultured and the illiterate; an evangelism which knows how to assimilate the best results of knowledge without losing the simplicity of faith; an evangelism which understands that the real emphasis of Christian truth lies where it has always lain, not in the contentions of biblical criticism but in those eternal verities of faith and criticism which no criticism can destroy or even impugn.

The evangelist's concern is with the great spiritual facts of sin, penitence and redemption; his battlefield is the human will; his message is the love and judgment of God; his work is the practical work of winning men for Christ. Let him keep his own ground, and he is strong. He has too much to preach that is beyond all debate to trouble himself, or perplex his hearers by meddling with questions on which he cannot pretend to speak with intellectual authority.

The time has clearly come for liberal theology to justify itself in the eyes of the people, if it can, for the people are weary of negations. It can do so in one way only, by showing its capacity for spiritual zeal. For liberal theology has also been guilty of wrong emphasis. It has emphasized its doubts rather than its faiths. It has been destructive of error, but not constructive of truth. It has told people what to reject, but not what to believe. It is not surprising that it is distrusted by people who, above all things, crave a positive faith; yet it has a faith, a real and deep faith, founded on a real spiritual experience, if it would but have the courage to declare it. When to its deep knowledge liberal theology adds the burning faith begotten of vital spiritual experience, it will become the greatest power for evangelism that the world has ever known.

Though much has been shaken in the realm of thought, nothing is shaken in the world of experience; the kingdom of spiritual fact abides. I hold, said Mr. Dawson, to the old evangelical message, although for me the shibboleth of utterance may differ. I find myself at home in a Salvation Army meeting, because I find there the vital knowledge of God's dealings with the soul and the expression of a religious experience which is as old as the cross.

My mind concentrates itself more and more on positive truth, and my effort as a minister of Christ on the efficiency of the accomplished purpose. I am much more concerned to save one harlot from her shame, one drunkard from his folly, one prodigal son from the defilement of the far country, than to discuss those speculations about truth which, after all, interest but a few and are not helpful even to them. The power of Christ does still save men, and this is as much knowledge as I need for the work of the evangel. This is the one essential creed, and nothing else greatly matters.

Nothing is more needed in the evangelistic sermon than sound fundamental brain work. The evangelist will gain immensely in power by being a thinker.

But I am pleading for normal evangelism, the transformation of the existing church into an evangelistic center, and this implies the use of the church itself for the work. The real reason why "the man in the street" hesitates to enter a church is that he thinks he will not be welcome in it. Show him that he is welcome, and his hesitation vanishes. What he most dreads is intrusion. He is morbidly sensitive to the least slight. Nothing offends him so deeply as the conduct of some selfish pewholder, who shows resentment or contemptuous tolerance of his presence. The great thing, therefore, is to make him feel that the

church is his; that it exists for him; that it was built for his use; that he is thoroughly welcome in it.

Our great Protestant sanctuaries should occupy the same position in public thought as Catholic cathedrals. When they are thus administered as buildings erected by the people, and for the people, there is no difficulty in attracting the people to them. One of the most serious faults in modern evangelism is that it often creates an impression of antagonism to the normal church. The evangelist frequently permits himself to attack the church, its services, its institutions, its ministers. He forgets that any real results of his work must be harvested by the normal church. His business is at least to work with the ordinary ministers in heartiest sympathy, and even when he finds little answering sympathy to be magnanimous enough to refrain from attack. Nothing so breaks down prejudice against a church which has been regarded as exclusive or aristocratic as a mission which gathers within its walls all classes of the community and leaves with them memories of good which go far to sanctify in their regard the building itself.

Here we have throughout the land thousands of magnificent buildings, spacious, costly and equipped for a certain work, and what possible justification can there be for deserting these buildings when we make a special effort to reach the people—except that of inadequate accommodation? These buildings represent millions of money and great generosity and self-sacrifice; are they after all only so many costly mistakes? They were built for the glory of God in the salvation of men; let them therefore be used for this supreme end. They are costly mistakes, indeed, if thy are too fine or too elaborate or too sacro-sanct in the eyes of their custodians for the purpose of an evangelistic service.

The day of the little mission hall is over. We do but waste our money and our effort by maintaining a series of small halls in the crowded localities of our great cities. The wiser and much the more economical policy is to use our great churches as the great centers of all our missionary effort.

Instead of dispersing power over a ring of struggling mission halls, concentrate power on the mother church itself. And in doing this the church itself gets a new quickening. It becomes more vital by the element of variety in its composition and in its services.

There may be many reasons which keep the masses out of church, but certainly the collection is not one of them.

The existing church has all the equipment for, and should be the scene of, the new evangelism.

We have treated our churches, especially when composed of people of culture and social competence, too much as schools of spiritual and moral culture, too little as the training grounds of an army bent on conquest.

In every church, however cultured and accustomed to restraint its congregations may be, there are multitudes of people who would hail with joy the brave voice that spoke in complete disregard of convention.

Of this I am sure—unless every sign be false, there is a great wave of evangelical revival about to pass over the churches of America.

The great revival is coming—not an ethical revival only, as some say, but a spiritual revival first, because the spiritual must precede the ethical.—*Boston Herald.*

THE PULPIT.

Greek Idealism and Present Thought.

A SERMON BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

In describing a recent number of the *Hibbert Journal,* a reviewer expressed his surprise "to see how Aristotle and Plato dominate the thought of all these writers, and how little the work of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and others of their kind, comes into the field of thought." The Athenians tired at last of hearing Aristides called "the just," and it was that delicious Epicurean, Sir Toby Belch, who cried, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" But it is from no mere feeling of reaction that so many, in these days, are turning from their long surfeit of Herbert Spencer to a more varied and satisfying diet. The *Hibbert Journal* is far from being the only witness to a revival of interest in the beginnings of philosophical thinking as we find them in Greece, from the seventh to the fourth century before the Christian era. The master-work of the late Professor Jowett, his translation of Plato's Dialogues, which just before his death had reached its third edition, enriched in the introductions by his own philosophical reflections of a life-time,—the work of Jowett and of his pupils has been a kind of under-current in recent years, overwhelmed by the noisy disputes about the evolution theory, but quietly claiming its own in various seats of learning, and now coming to the surface in the form of a more widespread, if not exactly popular, interest.

Some years ago Mr. Edward Clodd published a book with the interesting title, "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley." The book is rather scrappy, but it has the merit of suggesting to those who suppose the sun of evolutionary philosophy to have risen when Spencer published his "First Principles," that there were others; that he was not

> The first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.

Thales, as Mr. Clodd suggests, was an evolutionist, of a sort, and the idea of evolution, says Professor Palmer of Harvard University, was hoary with age in the time of Aristotle, proudly called "the master of those who know." Between these two came Heraclitus of Ephesus, whose great word, "everything flows," surely reflects an evolutionary conception; Democritus, who introduced the atomic theory, which has proven so immensely fruitful in its transformations by modern science; and Socrates, and his pupil Plato, who though their interest, and particularly that of the former, lay in the fields of ethics and dialectics rather than in the sciences of nature, yet belong to the same great movement of mind.

We are accustomed to hearing our time called, with some complacency, an age of transition; and so it is. The fountains of the great deep of traditional orthodoxy are being broken up. That vast system, which we can trace back to the mediaeval Schoolmen, and through them to Augustine and Plotinus, and beyond these again to Aristotle and Plato, is fast going to the rubbish-heap of all similar systems that "have their day and cease to be." The God we are now bidden to worship is "the God of things as they are," and Herbert Spencer is declared to be his prophet. The new era of science, which some hold to surpass any epoch in the advance of human knowledge since man first

began to think, is dated from the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859, or of Spencer's Prospectus of his Synthetic Philosophy in 1860. In many branches of research, any book written more than fifty years ago may be read as a curiosity, or as marking a stage in the development of opinion, but in the telling phrase of the Germans, "it has no scientific value." It would be repeating a thrice-told tale to recapitulate the brilliant advance of science since the master-key of planetary and organic evolution was put into its hands. And the effect of this great movement has been felt far beyond the limits of strict science. That mass of *a priori* science of things in heaven and on earth which we call theology, in consequence of the revolution that has taken place in the sciences of nature, of history, and of human society, is undergoing as complete a transformation. The popular beliefs of the time are following, and in some cases leading the way, toward a new synthesis of thought concerning the enduring interests of man,—his origin, his present status, and his destiny.

With the conception of a specific creation in time, and a particular and miraculously authenticated revelation of the divine will to a chosen people, our fathers possessed the basis of a theology which, whatever might be its defects, at least had the merit of clearness and force in its main positions. All these, for us, are swept away. If we are to do any more thinking on ultimate problems, we must find a new standpoint. It is quite vain to hope, as some still do, that a barrier can be raised against the advancing flood of science. That, even if it were desirable, is impossible. We must face forward; not try to turn the hand upon the dial of knowledge backward. If empirical science, despite its triumphs in its own field, has for us no oracle upon the questions that it consigns to the realm of the Unknowable, none the less our minds will keep at work upon those very problems, until we either find or break a way into the mystery.

It is here that the significance of the Greek thinkers appears. Science cannot successfully be opposed by a front attack. In its own realm it cannot be opposed at all, nor should be, for it is beneficence itself. But by a flank movement we may re-survey the positions of science in regard to matters of primary concern to our spiritual life, and win a new standing-ground for the rational consideration of what we shall never, so long as we can think, consent to leave permanently beyond our reach through reasoned speculation. Science has made such splendid conquest in its own sphere that it may seem unworthy to look too narrowly into its credentials. It explains so many aspects of the world so perfectly that we all too easily incline to let it explain everything. Its initial postulate, the unity and uniformity of nature, has become such a matter of course in our thinking that we do not stop to ask whence it arises in us. Yet there are previous questions, some answer to which must be had before any of the ambitious and far-spreading constructions of science can be authenticated. How is it that we are able to think coherently at all? What is rational thought, in itself and in relation to that which, for want of a better name, we call "outward reality?" Is there any outward reality, and if so, what is its ultimate nature? Such questions underlie all our conscious thinking; and for their answer we must turn in the first instance to that outburst of free speculation upon the universe and man that developed so wonderfully in Greater Greece twenty-six centuries ago.

Comparisons between epochs, as between men, are always odious, and if they are pressed may lead to endless disputation. So it is not needful to claim that Greek thought from Thales on to Aristotle and beyond deserves to rank above our recent achievements. Only a word should be said to offset our natural conceit in our own time. We are now passing, it is true, through a revolutionary epoch in thought. But what we are at present beholding—the gradual substitution for a traditional orthodoxy of more solidly grounded beliefs—went on in Greece in an even more radical form. Those early thinkers repudiated the mythologies that had been orthodox from the beginning of man's conscious thought, and for the first time looked out on nature as it is. In a supreme degree they knew what it is to feel

> . . . . Like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

More even than this, what these thinkers found has been of lasting value. For the ocean that broke upon their sight in those far-away years was that same broad Pacific on which all the voyages of discovery in thought have since been made. They discovered thought itself, and laid down the general laws in obedience to which the later masters in the science of nature and of man have drawn their charts. Thus when we go back to the Greeks, we return to first principles. We re-lay the foundation of all effective thinking about the universe and about ourselves. We do not merely resurrect as literary curiosities the products of an ancient people. Rather we hear each mighty Greek say in his turn, "Before Science was, I am!"

It is into this fascinating field that we are led by Professor Caird's recent Gifford Lectures.* The two volumes over which were spent so many delightful vacation hours under New England apple-trees cannot be summarized in a few sentences. The most that can be hoped is to say something that shall incline those whose tastes lead them that way to the diligent and thoughtful, reading of the work as a whole. Its author's exposition of the more recent philosophy of religion assures us that he is preëminently to be trusted here. Above everything clear and straightforward in his style, while this cannot spare us the hard thinking that the nature of the subject demands, yet it promises much refreshment by the way. It will be a better augury for the fearless and strenuous preaching of the great things of the spirit, for which our time despite all its restlessness and haste and surface indifference really hungers and thirsts, when books like Dr. Caird's take the place in ministers' libraries of the weak dilutions of trite discussion written under the name of apologetics.

Professor Caird begins with two chapters upon the necessity of reflective thought for religion, especially if it is to develop the implications of the simple religious consciousness and make them explicit for a cultivated age like this. He then plunges into his subject proper, with Plato, whom he calls the first systematic theologian. Plato was this because he first united in a single conception the fragmentary insights of previous thinkers, in particular combining the method and the results of his master, Socrates,

*The Evolution of Theology in the Greek philosophers; the Gifford Lectures, delivered in the University of Glasgow in sessions 1900-01 and 1901-02, by Edward Caird, LL. D., etc. In two volumes, pp. 382, 377. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, 1904.

whose concern was almost wholly with human conduct, with the speculations of Xenophanes, Heraclitus, and Anaxagoras, regarding the nature of things. The summing-up of the thought of the nature philosophers was that the universe is a rational whole, consisting however of an ever-changing movement of phenomena upon an unchanging ground of reality. The summing-up of the thought of Socrates was that virtue, as it is practised by the individual man, is essentially knowledge. He that knows the good will do it, Socrates assumed; and the aim of his life-long questioning of the citizens of Athens was to determine what was the highest good, so that it might get itself done.

Here, then, is the problem as it was passed on to Plato. He was impelled to ask, not merely what is the highest good for the individual man or for the state, but what is the highest good of the universe itself as realizing the aim of its author. That good, he was satisfied, must be a rational good, accordant with the nature of our minds which are to apprehend it. And here we reach the Platonic theory of ideas. Socrates had persistently asked what we mean when we predicate of an action that it is just, or good, or wise. To Plato, reality itself consisted in just these universal predicates which we find true in varying degrees of all the changing motives and actions of men. But there is a natural gradation of rank in these predicates themselves, from those goods which are merely relative and temporary to that supreme good which can be conceived only as absolute and eternal. It is the highest principle, according to Plato, that must rationally determine the others, and this Plato finds in his idea of God, the "creative mind, from whom all things and beings must be conceived as deriving whatever reality and substantiality they possess."

The distinction confronted Plato, however, as it does us, of the world of ideas in the mind and in the world of fact that lies apparently outside, and is so much of it uncontrolled by the pure ideal. Where is the absolute to be found,—in this changeful and unideal realm of appearances, or in the inner ideal world of thought? If in the latter only, how connect it with the world without, so much in need of the control of the ideal if its apparent aim is ever to be fulfilled? Here we find ourselves facing the problem of idealism in all the centuries; our problem, indeed, today. Space cannot be made for Professor Caird's full exposition of it, but a single quotation will suffice. "The key to this problem is to observe that the distinction of mind and matter, or of knowing and being, like all other distinctions we make, is a distinction within the intelligible world, a distinction in consciousness, which presupposes a unity beyond the difference." This is the thought, which strikes us as Professor Caird's particular contribution to the problem, coming to him chiefly through Hegel, and which is worked out with great skill and suggestiveness throughout these lectures. It is an aspect of the matter on which we can afford to dwell a little, since in it is revealed the central answer to the problem which is made by religion, or by theology, which is only the religious consciousness unfolded made more explicit.

Neither Plato nor Aristotle, the Stoics nor Plotinus, reached the point of seeing how the inner and the outer world are to be reconciled and united. Thus the Greek philosophy ended its course in the system of Plotinus by carrying to the limit the dualism in which it was implicated from the beginning; a dualism arising from the two-fold aspect of reality as it presents itself on the one hand to our senses and on the other to our rational thought which these thinkers could never completely unify. Aristotle, because he defined the material aspect of reality more sharply than Plato, was led into a more pronounced dualism. The Stoic philosophy really gave up the problem of uniting or reconciling the one world-soul with the confusion of the world as it appears to sense. And Plotinus, the greatest of all mystics, as Professor Caird describes him, having made his escape from the world of sensible appearances by a sort of regression in thought upon a purely spiritual God, communion with whom was to be realized only in an ecstasy that involved the transcendence or the negation of all thought, found it impossible to reverse the process by which he had ascended to the Highest so as again to connect Him with the lower world in which we dwell.

The interest of this long course of speculation for us consists precisely in its parallel to tendencies that are at work in present thought; tendencies that cannot perhaps be separated from the process of thinking at all. We have on the one hand physical science, which chooses for its field the phenomenal, the sensible, aspect of reality; and on the other theological and metaphysical speculation, which dwells in the inner, ideal realm, untroubled by the confusions and contradictions of the actual. Here, on the one side, stands the empirical scientist, trusting in nothing that he cannot weigh in his balances. There, on the other side, walks the rapt mystic, declaring that matter is an illusion, and evil and pain the products of "mortal mind." Nor need we confine ourselves to so extreme a division. Take the average man in the street, who goes on the principle that seeing is believing, and the average preacher of religion, whose gospel is, "Blessed are ye that not having seen yet have believed." Where are these two to meet? What is to bridge the deep and wide chasm that opens between the believer in physical evolution and the believer in an inner revelation? It will not do to say that in time the evolutionist will convert his belated brother and make him such another as himself. The truth is, the evolutionist is of the two the one more likely to need conversion. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the current Spencerian philosophy. Precisely those things that most nearly concern us—the origin and meaning of our rational and moral nature, and the character of the great Being whose fragmentary reflections we seem to be—these we cannot leave in the outer void of any metaphysical unknowable. Religious men, at least, have convictions on these things, caught from the witness within, which they stand ready to match with any conclusions regarding the same things which the agnostic scientist may hold, read from the world without.

The only possible solution of the problem, it would seem, must be one in which both factors shall be included, with equal justice done to each. Neither science nor reasoned intuition can be spared. A hint of the solution at least seems to come with the insight, to which Professor Caird repeatedly returns, that the inner and the outer worlds are alike known to us as related aspects of one consciousness, in which they are both included and from which neither for minds like ours can be divorced. This principle of unity for Professor Caird is God, in whom the conflicting aspects of our knowledge as of our life are married by an eternal bond. "To think, to feel, to will—all the forms of our consciousness—are ultimately bound up,"

so he declares, "with the idea of an all-comprehending whole; and to believe in a God is, in the last resort, simply to realize that there is a principle of unity in that whole, akin to that which gives unity to our own existence as self-conscious beings."

Stated thus, in severe philosophical language, this must seem a lame and impotent conclusion to one who is used to thinking of God wholly in the glowing terms of the emotions. Yet the highest reach of Christian adoration is that in which the believer becomes conscious that "God is love." The principle of unity, which in our human life is love, the philosopher makes the presupposition of all our conscious existence, underlying the universe and the soul. So is fulfilled the word of the early Christian writer, "We love, because He first loved us," and the related word attributed to the great Apostle, "In Him we live and move and have our being."

It is surely no belittling of science to hold that it is simply a true reading of that half of our conscious experience which reports to us from the world without, and to claim an equal rank, when it can be as accurately read, for that other half of the same experience in which we move in the inner world of thought and of the ideal. It is surely no displacing of evolution to grant to Heraclitus and Spencer that everything flows, in obedience to an internal necessity that is at least suggestive of conscious purpose; while also we postulate as real the life that from within directs that endless flow of phenomena, itself a substance or a spirit that does not dissolve from moment to moment with these flowing forms, but abides like the unity of our consciousness unchanged forever.

One is aware that in these high and difficult regions each must speak his own thought, but this is as it seems to me. And the effect upon my mind of the point of view which, in this fragmentary way, I have been setting forth, is profoundly reassuring. It is that, while we may continue to glory in the achievements, in its chosen fields, of empirical science, and cannot hesitate to adopt its well assured results into the structure of our thought, yet there is another witness to reality to which we need to listen at least as lovingly and long. This is the voice of consciousness within ourselves, telling from instant to instant what life is, and what the ideal is, and what God is,—the unifier and reconciler unto himself of all the varying aspects of the whole, the Father of awe inspiring spirits. So, while we continue, like Newton, to pick up a few pebbles of hard fact upon the shore of that reality which must ever stretch boundless beyond human vision, still, unless with Wordsworth's innocent child on Calais Sands we have the heart of trust, we shall remain but dimly conscious of the full glory of the scene in which we are,—

> Lying in Abraham's bosom all the year,
> God being with us when we know it not.

The New England Magazine for March contains a number of very striking features. Perhaps the most important is an article on "Christian Science Church Architecture," by Alfred Farlow. The pictures of noble and beautiful church edifices with which it is so lavishly illustrated will prove a revelation to many people who are ignorant of the astonishing growth that has been attained by Christian Science.

Among other illustrated features of great interest are "Pastimes of the Canadian People," by G. Waldo Browne, and "Salem of To-Day," by Mary H. Northend, the latter being a sequel to the article, "Historic Salem," published in the January number.

THE STUDY TABLE.

*THE QUEST OF JOHN CHAPMAN.

Dr. Hillis has followed in the steps of Henry Ward Beecher, his great predecessor in the pulpit of Plymouth church, and put forth a novel. Mr. Beecher's was "Norwood" and, if it added something to his purse, it added little to his fame. Yet it stuck too close to the experiences of the Beecher home in Litchfield not to contain a good deal of interesting matter. Dr. Hillis has not perhaps Mr. Beecher's "gift of remembrance" and, if he has, he has not herewith turned it to account. His novel does not deal with things that he has seen and known. It is an imaginative rehabilitation of the character and fortunes of "Johnny Appleseed," as he was called, an eccentric person who started on the upper waters of the Ohio with a boat-load of apple seeds and planted a hundred orchards as he went sailing along and landing from place to place. We must confess that we should have liked much better his true story, though it had not been a dozen pages long, than this mixture of one part truth with nine parts fiction, with no test afforded by which we can discriminate the two ingredients. The wonder is, however, that on a line so different from that which is customary with him, Dr. Hillis should do so well as he has done. There are situations in the earlier chapters that are extremely pathetic and dramatic but their degree of interest is not maintained. We have, moreover, a good many lapses into the preacher's manner, with some of the defects of this from which Dr. Hillis is not free, chiefly a kind of tinsel rhetoric and an airing of literary knowledge that is more showy than exact.

Notes.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I get volume XIX of the "Theological Translation Library." This is Harnack's Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries—Vol. III. This is an attempt to sketch the missionary development of the early church. Unitarian scholars need no introduction to Harnack. The book is gotten up in fine shape; and those interested in theological studies will want the whole library.

At last we have a thoroughly good little handbook for teaching beginners the science and the art of agriculture. I do not mean that it is a book to give all sorts of scientific principles; nor is it a book that deals altogether with farm work. It is a fortunate combination of the two. It is so small that I wonder how the authors got so much into so little space. It took three men to do it; and they are all men of eminent common sense; Profs. Burkett, Stevens and Hill, of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Stubborn and bungling as the South was through the era of slavery and reconstruction, it stands fair now to go ahead of the North in every department of industry, and even in its educational adjustments.

This book is planned for use in Grammar school classes; but it belongs in the hands of boys and girls who spend a part of every day out in the fields. It undertakes to give in a compressed way those suggestions and facts that will help the child, or the man, to investigate for himself. It can be carried

*The Quest of John Chapman. The Story of a Forgotten Hero. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

about in the pocket, just as a tool can be carried about, and be appealed to at a pinch. It is, however, exceedingly readable, apart from field work. It is full of most suggestive and beautiful illustrations; and in the Appendix we have formulas for spraying mixtures and fertilizers. The book is got up in the most excellent style, well printed and well bound. It tells how to improve soil; how to feed plants; how to grow fruit; how to cure and prevent diseases in the orchard and garden; how to combat insects; and how to grow farm crops as well as farm animals—including bees. It also discusses dairying. In fact, I think this book ought to be in the hands of every farmer in the United States. It is published by Ginn & Co., of Boston, and is entitled "Agriculture for Beginners."

E. P. POWELL.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.*

The old tales that have lived, told and retold, written and rewritten, are good tales. Of such is this little book, "The Touch of Nature." It may seem that our book shelves held enough of classic tales retold—but these are written from a little different point of view. The author hopes the book will be used by those who are studying the art of story telling—that fine art which a multiplicity of books has nearly destroyed—that fine art which reached its perfection in the great old days of minstrelsy.

E. T. K.

Sky Sermons.

II THE CLOUDS.

What is there, after all, quite as exquisite as a pine tree against a bit of blue sky? To lie and look up through the delicate tracery, and watch the clouds sail by, across the deep pure blue, brings to one's soul that soothing and tender sense of care which only Nature gives. One draws closer to, and realizes more fully the divinity of things. The bluebird flashes through the trees happy in his way, and in his tiny home. It makes one ashamed of all the petty worries and cares of life which harass them, to see how the bluebird "sits and sings, knowing that it hath wings" But ever and anon, one's eyes wander back to the great blue vault of heaven, which seems to throw around one its protection. However, we cannot lie here all day, we must be about "our Father's business," and so we go forth, all the better for the little sermon given us by the book of Nature. If we carry it with us into our daily work, the hour will have been well spent.

But the clouds flit on across the sky, now and then obscuring the sun in their onward flight. Then shadow reigns, symbolic of those times in our lives when the path is dark, and we know not which way to turn. But the light is there, though for a time a veil is laid across our eyes, some day to be withdrawn, when we shall walk in the strength and glory of God.

ETHELIND MERRITT.

To the Rose.

Queenly rose, one mother holds us,
  Thee and me, upon her breast;
All-sustaining nature folds us
  In eternal arms at rest.

Little rose, our beauties perish;
  Storms will strip both thee and me:
But the life seed that we cherish
  Still will bud eternally.

Hölderlin.

Translated by Charles H. Genung.

*The Touch of Nature, $100; American Unitarian Association, Boston, Massachusetts.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Beauty of the mind is shown in graceful and acceptable forms, and sweetness of behavior; and they that have that gift cause those to whom they deny anything to go better contented away than men of contrary disposition do them to whom they grant.

MON.—Strength of mind is that active power which maketh us perform good things and great things, as well as health and even temper of mind keeps from those that are evil and base.

TUES.—All men that live are drawn either by book or example.

WED.—In your study you are to seek two things: the first to conceive or understand; the second to lay up or remember.

THURS.—We should not too much prize life which we cannot keep, nor fear death which we cannot shun; he which dies nobly doth live forever, and he that lives in fear doth die continually.

FRI.—He that lives long and sees much but observes nothing, shall never prove a wise man.

SAT.—Your Lordship shall rather go a hundred miles out of the way to speak with a wise man than five to see a fair town.

—Letter of Advice to the Earl of Rutland on His Travels, Lord Bacon.

The Noble Nature.

It is not growing like a tree
  In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
  A lily of a day
  Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
  It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

Dr. Christopher.

The death of Dr. W. S. Christopher has been deeply felt in hundreds of homes in Chicago and beyond. By his splendid common sense he regulated the lives of children. His work in preventing illness and establishing health was as valuable as his power of conquering disease.

It was he who laid emphasis on the "fatigue period" in a child's development. It is a time most mothers know but have not understood, coming between the ages of eight and twelve—the time when a child does not wish to get up in the morning and is languid in school and out. This should not be called laziness and greater spur to activity employed, but the symptoms must be respected as a demand by Nature for more rest. Let the child lie in bed in the morning, make him rest after each meal and avoid a strenuous life, and lo, he regains his poise and is again the active, normal child. By such simple prescriptions did Dr. Christopher bring many children to the way of health and vigor. His enthusiastic devotion to the study of the laws of development—his personality which brought confidence and courage—the simple perfect truthfulness of the man; in losing these the homes of Chicago where there are children and watchful parents have met with an inexpressible loss. His work was not only for his own patients. From his long close observations he made generalizations and deductions that have greatly advanced the science and art of the care of growing children. All children have a better chance for his life work, and we that knew him personally are richer for that memory.

E. T. K.

The Lantern People.

I had been thinking how strange a thing it was that I disliked so many people and like so few. Only to look at some persons seemed enough to put me out of humor and make me feel like saying cross things. But there were others (although not near so many of them) whom I loved to meet, and whom I could hardly be cross to if I tried. I had been thinking about this, when I fell asleep and had a dream.

I thought I was carried away to a strange country where it was always dark. No morning ever came there, the sun never shone and there were no stars in the sky. Yet people were living there, and I could see them walking about. But they were very strange people, such as I had never seen before, nor heard of, nor even thought of. I called them the *Lantern People* because they looked like great lanterns with lights inside of them that shone through. And they were of a very strange shape, for they had ever so many sides, and on every side was a picture. Some were pretty and some were ugly pictures. Every person I saw had both pretty and ugly sides.

Of course I was very much surprised and stood looking a long while; for the people could not see me, though I could see them and was close to them. On some of their sides were pictures of snakes, wasps and pigs; on other sides, of doves, lambs, flowers and such beautiful things. And now I want to tell you a very curious thing about the way these people did when they met each other. I noticed when a man met another in the street, he would quickly turn around one of his sides, so that the man he met could see it and nothing else—that is, nothing but the picture that was on the side turned toward him.

While I stood watching I saw a man coming along, and he turned almost the whole way round, so as to bring the picture of a dog in front, where it could be most plainly seen. It was a bull-dog—one of the sort that shows its teeth, very ugly and savage-looking. I could not understand why he should take so much trouble to turn out that ugly picture (for he had prettier ones that I could see) until I saw another man coming toward him who turned out a picture uglier still. It was of a wolf.

As soon as they came close up to each other the pictures seemed to be alive. I was astonished to see their eyes move and their mouths open and shut, seeming to snap at one another, and all I could hear were barkings and growlings until they had gone, the fierce beasts trying to bite each other as far as I could see them.

Next came a little girl. Happening to look behind her, she saw another little girl following her. At once she turned around one of her sides, that had the picture of a wasp on it; but the little girl who was coming after her turned the picture of a beautiful butterfly. As soon as they met, the wasp began to buzz and dart out its sharp sting, and I saw the butterfly fluttering and fluttering, till presently it was scared away and the picture of a great spider came in its place. Then the spider seemed to dart at the wasp, and the wasp tried to sting the spider; and the little girls went off quarreling as fiercely as the two men had done.

Next I saw a young woman. She was prettier than any other of the Lantern People that I had seen. I saw her coming from a long way down the street, and she never turned her sides, no matter whom she met, but always kept one picture in front, and that was of a dove. It had a ring of black around its neck and an olive-leaf in its beak. I thought to myself, What a beautiful picture! Just then another young woman came up and pushed rudely against her, and I saw this rude one turn out the picture of a snake. And the snake hissed and darted out its forked tongue, but the dove would not go. All it did was to coo softly and flutter its wings and hold out the olive-leaf.

When the snake found that it could not frighten the dove away, it began to creep off itself, as if ashamed; and what was my surprise to see presently another dove come in its place! And the doves began to coo to each other, and to look pleased and happy, and the two young women took hold of each other's hands; then they put their arms around one another's necks and kissed each other, and so walked happily away. And I awoke. This was the end of my dream.

—*Charles Foster,*
Author of the Story of the Bible.

One Afternoon.

Papa and Mamma went out to row,
And left us alone at home, you know,—
Roderick, James and me.
"My dears," they said, "now play with your toys
Like dear little, good little, sweet little boys,
And we will come home to tea."

We played with our toys the longest while!
We built up the blocks for nearly a mile,—
Roderick, James and I,
But when they came tumbling down alas!
They fell right against the looking-glass,—
Oh! how the pieces did fly!

Then we played the stairs were an Alpine peak,
And down we slid with shout and with shriek,—
Roderick, I and James.
But Jim caught his jacket upon a tack,
And I burst the buttons all off my back,
And Roderick called us names.

Then we found a pillow that had a rip,
And all the feathers we out did slip,—
Roderick, James and I.
And we made a snowstorm, a glorious one,
All over the room. Oh! wasn't it fun,
As the feathery flakes did fly!

But just as the storm was raging around
Papa and Mamma came in and found
Roderick, James and me.
Oh! terrible, terrible things they said!
And they put us all three right straight to bed,
With the empty pillow-case under our head,
And none of us had any tea!

—*Laura E. Richards.*

The Playroom.

The Chicago child for many months in the year is largely an indoor child. This has its hardships, but after all there is so much to do in quiet occupations that the playroom—which is another name for a workshop—may well claim a little more time in winter than can be spared at other seasons from the back yard. A low, substantial table not too good for any sort of use, is the most important piece of furniture in a playroom. A number of kindergarten chairs, durable and inexpensive, are also desirable. Then let us give our children materials to work with rather than elaborate toys—and serene and joyful hours will be the result.

The Reverent Child.

We trust in the living God Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; we trust in the kindness of his law and the goodness of his work and we will strive to keep his law and to see his work while we live.

—*From Ruskin's Creed of the Guild of St. George.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Assurances.

O let me welcome waiting
And the spirit that woos delay:
My years, O Lord, are in Thy hand
Whatever my task or play.

And sure as the winds of heaven,
Wandering to and fro,
Somewhere my steps are leading me
In the path that I must go.

I know not where. I cannot see
Nor crave for light beyond.
The day is here and now the hour
To seal my fate or bond.

I am born of a nameless shadow
Drifting like clouds of spring;
But the birds that follow in my trail
Cheerfully carol and sing.

And the years go on forever
Whether I walk or run,
And the world gives every gift it may
When my daily task is done.

Kingston, N. Y. JOSEPH LEISER.

The Liverpool Domestic Mission.

The Liverpool Domestic Mission was founded in 1836, with the object of carrying the spirit of Christianity to the homes of the poor of this city. In the words of its constitution, the minister was "to put himself into close sympathy with their wants and feelings—to become to them a Christian adviser and friend; to promote the order and comfort of their homes and the elevation of their sound tastes; to bring them into permanent connection with religious influence; and, above all, to promote an effective education of their children, and to shelter them from corrupting agencies." Among the founders were some of Liverpool's most eminent citizens of that time—Rev. J. Hamilton Thom, Dr. James Martineau, William Rathbone (the fifth), H. Booth, S. S. Gair, George Holt, Samuel Bright, Richard Rathbone, William Jevons, R. A. Fletcher, Christopher Rawdon, and Richard Vaughan Yates (the donor of Prince's Park). At first the work was carried on solely in the homes of the poor, without any building as a center of activity, but in 1838 a house in Greenland street was used for a small Ragged School and Mechanics' Institute under the ministry of the Rev. John Johns, who, in the service of the sick poor, laid down his life during the epidemic of cholera in 1847. As time went on, the work continued steadily to increase, and various activities in the interests of the poor sprang into life, necessitating larger premises. The present commodious and handsome building was erected in 1892, and opened by Mr. Robert Durning Holt, the first Lord Mayor of Liverpool. It occupies a prominent position in the middle part of Mill street, and is built of red brick and Ruabon terra cotta. Many will remember the admiration it excited, both at the opening, and when it was the scene of a notable Loan Collection of Works of Art. It consists of a chapel to seat 350, with a good choir and organ chamber and vestry; a fine and spacious entrance; various class rooms; cloak rooms and lavatories on the ground floor; a wide staircase leading up to a large assembly hall, accommodating 600 people, with ladies' and gentlemen's retiring rooms. Attached, with a separate entrance, is a dwelling house for the resident missionary. And here it is necessary to recognize the apt abilities and engaging qualities of this gentleman, the Rev. J. Lloyd Jones, who has had about twenty years' service, and is beloved by all. Mr. Lloyd Jones has a valued veteran coadjutor in his assistant, Mr. Anderson. The building is choicely decorated, and has many beautiful Della Robbia placques in its rooms. In connection with the Mission are a very large Sunday-school, band of hope, savings bank, lending library, mothers' meeting, men's Bible class, temperance meeting and popular entertainments, girls' sewing class, young people's mutual improvement society, provident society, tontine and mutual benefit society, window gardening society, ladies' Dorcas society, cricket, football, swimming, croquet, and tennis clubs; and there is also a free reading room for working men, open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m., supplied with daily papers, illustrated weeklies, magazines, etc. Although its missionaries and most of its supporters and workers are Unitarians, the Mission has no proselytizing or sectarian aim; it simply seeks by these varied methods and by personal intercouse with the poor in their own homes to help them, socially, morally, and spiritually, without distinction of sect or creed or party. A sketch of a month's programme of events of interest for the poor people, all of high quality, which may be found in one of the Mission's prospectuses, would astonish any unfamiliar reader of it. Much must be attributed to the indefatigable generosity and endeavors of Mr. Walter Holland during his more than twenty years of treasurership. Through his liberality a new wing has lately been added for a girls' gymnasium and cookery classes at a cost of £2,000. The entire cost of the building as it now stands has been £10,000.—*From the Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury, February 4, 1905.*

Foreign Notes.

HERBERT SPENCER INDIAN FELLOWSHIPS.—On the eve of Sir William Wedderburn's departure for India he received an interesting and important letter from Mr. Shyamji Krishnavarma, who offered, on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Herbert Spencer last year, to endow a Herbert Spencer lectureship at an English university. Mr. Shyamji Krishnavarma proposes to found five fellowships worth Rs200 each for Indian graduates, in honor of the memory of the great English thinker, like whom, says Mr. Krishnavarma, no scholar or statesman has sympathetically or courageously pleaded the cause of India. A copy of the letter has been sent to us for publication. It runs as follows:

Having the privilege of your personal acquaintance and knowing that you are going from England as a delegate to the forthcoming meeting of the Indian National Congress at Bombay, I venture to request you to bring to the notice of my countrymen, assembled on that occasion, and through them to the educational institutions in different parts of India, that in memory of the late Mr. Herbert Spencer, the first anniversary of whose death I so solemnly observe today, I propose to found five traveling fellowships, to be called the "Herbert Spencer Indian Fellowships," of the value of rupees 2,000 (two thousand) each, for enabling Indian graduates to finish their education and to qualify themselves for an independent profession. I also propose founding an additional fellowship in memory of the late Swami Dayananda Sarasvati, founder of the Arya Samaj. Two fellowships will be awarded in the year 1905 and a like number in the years 1906 and 1907, making six altogether. At the expiration of three years, if my scheme proves successful, I undertake to make a permanent endowment which will yield the requisite sum. Full particulars as to the mode of election and other incidental matters will be published hereafter; but I may mention one of the conditions attached to my proposal, viz.: that an Indian graduate holding a fellowship under this scheme shall not accept any post, office, emoluments or service under the British government after his return to India. I have imposed this condition being thoroughly convinced of the truth of the observation of Socrates to his judges, that he who honestly strives against the many lawless and unrighteous deeds which are done in a state, and fights for the right, must have a private station and not a public one. I may be permitted to add a few words about Mr. Herbert Spencer's claim to the gratitude of India. No scholar or statesman, to my knowledge, has so sympathetically and courageously pleaded the cause of India as Herbert Spencer whom Darwin found "twenty times his superior," and who, in the opinion of Grant Allen, "possessed the finest brain and the most marvelous intellect ever yet vouchsafed to human being." It was Herbert Spencer who strongly condemned many years ago the continuance of "the cunning despotism which uses native soldiers to maintain and extend native subjection," of

"the grievous salt-monopoly," and of "the pitiless taxation which wrings from the poor ryots nearly half the produce of the soil." It was Herbert Spencer who collected proofs to show particularly in reference to India that by the English "all conquests and annexations are made from base and selfish motives alone." It was again Herbert Spencer who called the British a "sociophageous" or society-eating nation for affording opportunities to "the many who, in the East, tacitly assume that Indians exist for the benefit of Anglo-Indians." And, finally, it was Herbert Spencer, who, perceiving the best interests of England and India, saw no crime in the endeavor of the Indians to throw off the foreign yoke, and who entertained no doubt that, "had the East India Company been denied military aid and state-conferred privileges, both its own affairs and the affairs of Hindustan would have been in a far better condition than they now are."

The memory of such a true and disinterested friend of India, I submit, ought to be gratefully honored and respected by every Indian having his country's welfare at heart.

In conclusion, I hope that what I have stated above will meet with the approval of my countrymen and that you will kindly read this letter at the next session of the Congress.

There can be no doubt that the offer of Mr. Krishnavarma will be received with greatest thankfulness by our countrymen. There is need of many such scholarships for the solution of many important and economical problems of our country. The appearance of a large hearted patriot like Mr. Krishnavarma, following in the footsteps of the late Mr. Tata, will be hailed by all well wishers of India. But the establishment of these scholarships brings the question of the settlement of the recipients after the completion of their education into more acute prominence. We are not sure that unless some reasonable prospect of that final settlement is assured the usefulness of such scholarships will not be largely compromised. Though fully realizing the spirit of Mr. Krishnavarma's conditions, we are afraid the stipulation that the recipients of his fellowships shall not accept any post, office, emoluments or service under the British government after his return to India, may prove almost prohibitive. *The Indian Messenger.*

January 8, 1905.

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C. L. KIMBALL,
Ass't G. P. A.

The Hunter and the Hunted.

We give below, in negro dialect, an extract from Mrs. Sutherland's drama entitled, "Po' White Trash." It represents a negro in the act of killing a coon. He has brought the poor beast to bay and now has him at his mercy. Just before firing the fatal shot he catches the coon's eye and is stopped momentarily by the pathetic appeal which he reads there. The negro is giving an account to the doctor, and we will let him tell it in his own way:

"An' then, doctor, I saw thet coon's eyes—I saw thet coon's eyes. Doctor, I—I never saw a coon's eyes befo'. I reckon—I reckon—there wouldn't be so much hurtin' done in this world ef jes' befo' yo' hurted yo' saw the thing's eyes! An' I looked at him—an' he looked at me—an' his eyes said, 'Be yo' goin' to kill me?' Thar worn't no trees—no sky—no nothing'—jes' on'y thet coon's eyes. 'It's on'y cowards kill what can't fight,' they says. 'It's on'y devils kill fo' fun,' they says. Everythin' fraid!—looked out o' thet coon's eyes. Everythin' thet hed ever been 'fraid—an' I've been 'fraid!—looked out o' thet coon's eyes. Everythin' thet ever been hurt—and, God a'mighty! I've been hurt!—looked out o' thet coon's eyes. 'Be yo' goin' to kill me?' An' I flinged my gun's far she'd flew, an' I sez, 'No, yo' mean, scared, hunted critter, yo'!'"—*Medical Talk for the Home.*

How much may depend on the education of daughters and the conduct of mothers; how much of the brightest part of our national character may be perpetuated by their wisdom or frittered away by their folly; how much of it may have been lost already, and how much more in danger of vanishing every day—are questions too weighty for discussion here, but well deserving a little serious consideration from all young couples, nevertheless. —*Dickens.*

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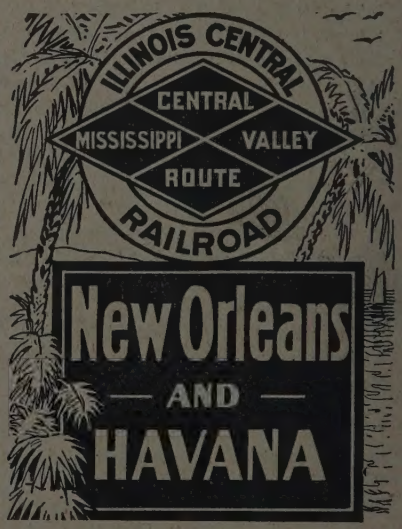

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